



Hieroglyphics: the NSU University School Literary Magazine

Volume 11 *Elements*

Article 94

5-1-2004

Moving On

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Recommended Citation

Nagar, Ekta (2004) "Moving On," *Hieroglyphics: the NSU University School Literary Magazine*: Vol. 11, Article 94.
Available at: http://nsuworks.nova.edu/uschool_litmag/vol11/iss1/94

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Moving On

Ekta Nagar

The grass thrives in the yards of many.
It grows, dancing to the movement of the sun.
Children run through the yard and men cut its hair.
Yet it continues to grow without hesitation,
Without stopping.

The river streams through the meadow.
It flows to the music of the wind
Pebbles sit at the bottom and salient rocks rest on
the bank.
Yet, it continues to flow without hesitation,
Without stopping.

The sun floats through the mighty heavens.
It glows effortlessly, showering its radiant beams.
Planets spin around and, once in a while, block it.
Yet it continues to glow without hesitation,
Without stopping.

The life given to a human jumps with joy and
sorrow.
It grows like the grass but when killed stops
growing.
It flows like the river but when blocked stops
flowing.
It glows like the river but when darkened stops
glowing.
A lesson to be learned, a lesson of moving on.